

The Oval

Volume 10 | Issue 1

Article 14

4-15-2017

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Recommended Citation

Mays, Elizabeth (2017) "Poem At Twenty-One," *The Oval*: Vol. 10 : Iss. 1 , Article 14.

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POEM AT TWENTY-ONE

ELIZABETH MAYS

i want to
learn how to be
a person
who moves around
a crowded room
with ease.
i breathe in the shower
only i wonder
about blue lines
under my eyes.
i discover that
a level photo
frame does not
satisfy.
i wish you could
see me when
i have a thought
all to myself.
do i still want
to be just
like everyone?
last year, i wanted
to be everyone.
i want you to
know that i
wasn't always
so harsh.

should i shape things
in a way
so they don't
make me cry?
i wonder how slow
cracks sneak in like that.
i lean against
the dresser and look
at cracks in the ceiling.
i usually should
still be worried.
sometimes my heels
split open and i can't
run but i didn't run
anyways and it
is early.